jail, shaking often the entire buildings to the very foundations by his ever so foul imprecations and more than leonine roar. Even the most daring and desperate of criminals, began shaking in their shoes, when any of them happened by chance to incur the Jailor's wrath. This time too he seemed to think that he could bring me down to terms, simply by his threats and voluble utterances, making me do whatever work he might choose to give. I for myself knew full well, that it was not possible to serve God and Mammon both and stood firm in my resolve not to yield under any circumstances.

[44]You talk of thirty lashes", I told him, "y°u can try and cut me to pieces and see if you can get a jot of work out of me, as long as I consider it wrong to do that". Finding me quite determined and fixed in my purpose, he felt somewhat disconcerted, but said, "Oh! you are very stubborn ! All right, if you choose to prefer punishment, you can have your way".

Saying this, he ordered me to one week's standing hand-cuffs. And in order to prove

to me,
beyond all doubt, that the jailor was all in all,
as far as the jail went, he undertook to show
me some of his supernatural powers. "You